

## TRIBUTE TO STATESMEN.

The Best Place for a Beginning in Working the Salvation

of the Nation is at the National Capital—As the Apostles Began in Jerusalem, So Should the Start be Made at Washington—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

The text chosen by Dr. Talmage for Sunday's discourse was Luke xxiv., 47, "Beginning at Jerusalem."

"There it is," said the driver and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, coroneted with temple and palace and radiant, whether looked up at from the Valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Charlots of kings had rolled through it. Battering rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel, or plumbline measured its first wall, or royalty swung its first scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throbs sends life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to His disciples, when He ordered them to start on the work of evangelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now, in His Providence to tens of thousands of Christians in this city: Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, take your hat now and leave, and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives, and He is able to do as He says He will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of the Navosink to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glacier, shall be filled with angelic overture of "Glory to God and good will to men."

Again and again does the Old Book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by His consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollyon! The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it can not be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon! Either the American Sabbath will perish and this nation be handed over to Herods, and Hildebrands, and Diocletians, and Neros of baleful power, and alcoholism will reign, seated upon piled-up throne of beer-barrels, his mouth foaming with domestic and national curse, and crime will lift its unhindered knife of assassination, and rattle keys of worst burglary, and wave torch of wildest conflagration, and our cities be burned into Scodom, waiting for Almighty tempests of fire and brimstone, and one tidal wave of abomination will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of Heaven, shall walk through the land and Christ reign over this nation either in a person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of Heaven.

It will be one or the other. By the throne of Him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as He always does—blessed be His glorious name—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

William, the Conqueror, ordered the curfew, the custom of ringing the bell at midnight, at which all the fires on the hearths were to be banked, and all the lights extinguished, and all the people retire to their pillows. I pray God that the curfew of the century may not be sounded, and the fires be banked, and the lights extinguished, as the clock strikes the midnight hour that divides the nineteenth century from the twentieth century, until this beloved land, which was to most of us a cradle, and which will be to most of us a grave, shall come into the full possession of Him who is so glorious that William, the Conqueror, could not be compared to Him, even the One who rideth forth "conquering and to conquer."

Why would it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the north and the south. It is neither northern nor southern. It commingles the two climates. It brings together the two styles of population. It is not only light but beautiful that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the

Alabamian speaks of his orange groves. And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know that he comes from the land of the Adamses—Samuel, John, and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohlean whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the southern or the northern state of presidents? If a man does not like his native clime it is because while he lived there he did not behave well. This capital stands where, by its locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the north and the other toward the south, and a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a national awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the Pentecostal three thousands." It has often been said that the only way the north and the south will be brought into complete accord is to have war with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict you will wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections fought past-controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which 40,000,000 northerners and southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either northern or southern. This is neither, or rather, it is both.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representative men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get into the senate and house of representatives and other important places who are fitted for the positions in neither head nor heart; but this is exceptional, and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the national legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts had men in the senate or house of representatives who went maudlin and staggering drunk across the high places. Never nobler group of men sat in the senate or house of representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. So in all departments of official position, with here and there an exception, are to-day the brainiest men and most honorable men of America. Now, suppose the Holy Ghost power should fall upon this city, and these men from all parts of America should suddenly become pronounced for Christ! Do you sly the effect would be electrical? More than that. It would be omnipotent! Do you say that such learned and potent men are not wrought upon by religious influence? That shows you have not observed what is going on. Commodore Foote, representing the navy; Gen. Grant and Robert E. Lee, representing the northern and southern armies; Chief Justice Chase, representing the supreme court; the Frelinghuysens, Theodore and Frederick, representing the United States senate; William Pennington and scores of others representing the house of representatives, have surrendered to that Gospel, which, before this winter is out, will, in this capital of the American nation, if we are faithful in our prayers and exertions, turn into the kingdom of God men of national and international power, their tongues of eloquence becoming the tongues of fire in another Pentecost. There are on yonder hill those who, by the grace of God, will become John Knoxes, and Chrysostoms, and Fenelons, and Bourdeaus, when once regenerated. There is an illusion I have heard in prayer meetings and heard in pulpits, that a soul is a soul—one soul worth as much as another. I deny it. The soul of a man who can bring a thousand or ten thousand other souls into the kingdom of God is worth a thousand or ten thousand times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and Heaven than in any other part of the nation, because it would reach all the states, cities, towns and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital!

Some of us remember 1857, when at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which 500,000 people were converted in different states of the union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago, and was

startled, and thrilled, and enchanted, to read these words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms one of the tenderest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church." Why, my hearers, not have that again, and more than that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Beside that, since then the telephone, with its semi-omnipresence, and the swift cable car, for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline hill to the boundaries on all sides with the footsteps of God as He comes to awaken and pardon and save these great populations. People of Washington, meet us next Thursday night, at halfpast 7 o'clock, to pray for this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a pentecostal 3,000, that I have referred to, but 30,000. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean Sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Habakkuk, the blank verse poet of the Bible: "O, Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Let the battle cry be, Washington for God! the United States for God! America for God! the world for God! We are all tired of skirmishing. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the Gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry, why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By providential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with every city, town and neighborhood of this country, and I now give the watchword to north and south, and east and west. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening!

This generation will soon be out of sight. Where are the mighty men of the past who trod your Pennsylvania avenue and spoke in yonder national legislature, and decided the stupendous questions of the supreme judiciary? Ask the sleepers in the Congressional cemetery. Ask the mausoleums all over the land. Their tongues are speechless, their eyes closed, their arms folded, their opportunities gone, their destiny fixed. How soon Time prorogues parliaments, and adjourns senates, and disbands cabinets, and empties pulpits, and dismisses generations! What we would do, we must do quickly or not at all. I call upon people who can not come forth from their sick beds to implore the heavens in our behalf from their midnight pillows, and I call upon the aged who can not, even by the help of their staff, enter the church to spend their last days on earth in supplicating the salvation of this nation, and I call upon all men and women who have been in furnaces of trouble, as was Shadrack, and among lions, as was Daniel, and in dungeons of trouble, as was Jeremiah, to join in the prayer, and let the Church of God everywhere lay hold of the Almighty Arm that moves nations. Then senators of United States will announce to the state legislatures that sent them here, and members of the house of representatives will report to the congressional districts that elected them, and the many thousands of men and women now and here engaged in the many departments of national service will write home, telling all sections of the country that the Lord is here, and that He is on the march for the redemption of America.

Hallelujah! the Lord is coming! I hear the rumbling of His chariot wheels. I feel on my cheeks the breath of the white horses that draw the Victor! I see the flash of his lanterns through the long night of the world's sin and sorrow! We want in this country, only on a larger scale, that which other centuries have seen of God's workings: as in the reformation of the sixteenth century, when Martin Luther and Philip Melancthon led on; as in the awakening of the seventeenth century, when Bunyan and Flavel and Baxter led on; as in the awakening of the eighteenth century, when Tennant and Edwards and the Wesleys led on; as in the awakening of 1857, led on by Matthew Simpson, the seraphic Methodist, and Bishop MacLaine, the Apostolic Episcopalian, and Albert Barnes, the consecrated Presbyterian, and others just as good, in all denominations. Oh, will not some of those glorious souls of the past come down and help us? Come down off your thrones, Nettleton, and Finney, and Daniel Baker, and Edward Payson, and Truman Osborne, and Earle, and Knapp, and Inskip, and Archibald Alexander—that Alexander the Great of the Christian churches. Come down! How can you rest up there when the world is dying for lack of the Gos-

pel? Come down and agonize with us in prayer. Come down and help us preach in our pulpits. Come down and inspire our courage and faith—Heaven can get along without you better than we can. But more than all (and overwhelmed with reverend emotion we ask it), come, thou of the deeply-dyed garments of Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of thy strength, mighty to save! Lord God of Joshua! Let the sun of this century stand still above Gibeon and the moon above the valley of Ajalon, until we can whip out the five kings of hell, tumbling them down the precipices as the other five kings went over the rocks of Bethhoron. Hal! Hal! It will so surely be done that I can not restrain the laugh of triumph.

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific, this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and the holy push and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinock, when he said: "It is a dreadful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit, but oh! how dreadful a thing thither out of the pulpit." That was a suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Christians: "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself, should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitfield sealed all his letters: "We seek the stars." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached and it was said that men fell before the word like slacked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergymen, to the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vast scale, so that the world will be compelled to say as of old: "We never saw it on this fashion." But remember there is a human side as well as a Divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising," the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong and the men could hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss carpenter shouted: "Lift men or die! All together! Yo—ho!" With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives and mothers and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss carpenter shouted to the women: "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted: "Now! All together! Lift or die! Yo—ho!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood vessels, the great beam went to its place and a wild huza was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, aye, more Christian women to reinforce. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The topstone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do his part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of upheaval.

### INTERESTING ITEMS.

A BAMBOO church organ is reported to have been built at Shanghai, and it is said to surpass organs made of metal.

THE bonded indebtedness of Washington city is \$19,138,238, and the assessed valuation of its property is \$203,505,002.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE suggests that international disputes be left to the women if the men can not settle them.

THE widow of Sidney Lanier is giving public readings from her husband's poems. She has been successful, particularly in the south.

SOME of the Freeport (Me.) high school boys stole the school skeleton and tied it at the top of the flagpole on the common the other night.

THE great hurricane of August, 1830, which was traced from the Caribbees island to Newfoundland, traveled the distance 3,000 miles in six days.

THE English government has revoked the authority granted to the British South Africa Co. to rule over the Hanning and Monosio districts of South Africa.

THERE is in existence a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century, the blades of which have on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat. The set of these knives usually consisted of four.

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The assessed valuation of Savannah is \$33,225,333, and its debt is comparatively heavy, being, in all, \$3,494,400.

—It has been computed by geographers that if the sea were emptied of its water and all the rivers of the earth were to pour their present floods into the vacant space, allowing nothing for evaporation, 40,000 years would be required to bring the water of the ocean up to its present level.

—Some 20 tons of silk spinning and weaving machinery was shipped from Stonington, Conn., to Moscow, Russia, recently. Sixty tons more is ordered for the same place and parties. The machinery is for use in a big silk mill recently built in the old capital of Russia.

—Brass plates bearing appropriate inscriptions now mark the sites of the pews in old Christ church, Philadelphia, once occupied by Betsy Ross, maker of the first American flag; Francis Hopkinson and his son, Joseph Hopkinson, author of the national hymn, "Hail Columbia;" the Penn family, Benjamin Franklin and George and Martha Washington.

—At the head waters of the Orinoco the Spanish traditions located the land of El Dorado, "The Gilded Man," a potentate whose country was so rich in gold dust that he had his body anointed with oil and sprinkled with gold every morning, so that he shone in the sun as though gilded. It is a curious fact that the country in which tradition located this marvelous being has never been explored by a white man.

—Of the 229,370 alien steerage passengers who arrived at the port of New York last year, 42,342 above 14 years of age could not read and write. About 149,500 of the steerage arrivals were over 14 years of age, and only 29,237 of these brought with them \$20 and over. No less than 182,000 of the whole number of steerage immigrants had some point in the north Atlantic states for a destination, while only 2,451 were bound for the south central states.

### A TON OF PIG IRON.

What Labor Can Produce from That Amount of the Metal.

At the recent meeting of the South Staffordshire Institute of Iron and Steel Works Managers Thomas Morris presented some interesting facts about the remarkable achievements that have been reached in the manufacture of fine wire. Of the antiquity of wire, Mr. Morris said, there could not be the slightest doubt. That used in the dress of Aaron, the high priest, was stated to have been cut from thin plates of gold, and wire had been discovered that was made as far back as 1700 B. C. It was not, however, until about the middle of the 14th century that wire drawing was first practiced, and then in Germany. Wire drawing was practiced in France at the end of the 15th century, and it was nearly 400 years later before the industry was introduced into England, during the reign of Elizabeth.

The Forest of Dean was long the seat of the wire-drawing trade. In 1663 the first mechanical wire mill proper was erected at Sheen, near Richmond. Birmingham appeared to have taken up the manufacture of wire in the 18th century with characteristic energy, but early in the present century Lancashire began to take the lead, both as regards quantity and quality.

Mr. Morris gave an interesting description of the various articles that illustrated his paper, especially the various wires, and pointed out that the Warrington wire manufacturer who presented him with many of the specimens got \$4.32 per pound, or over \$8,600 per ton, for the specimen of drawn wire, which was largely used in the construction of pianos and other musical and mechanical instruments. For the pinion wire he got \$21.60 per pound, or \$43,200 per ton. It took 154 hair springs to weigh an ounce of 437½ grains. It took 27,000,000 of them to weigh a ton, and taking one to be worth a cent and a half, the value of a ton of these apparently cheap little things ran up to over \$405,000. The barbed instrument used by dentists for extracting nerves from teeth was even more expensive, representing a rate of \$2,150,000 per ton. A mile length of No. 19 size wire only weighed 21 pounds, and many of the ingots were 12 to 14 hundred weight each, and after allowing for all waste, they could get 50 miles of wire from one ingot. —St. Louis Globe Democrat.

### A Decadence of Sentiment.

"It makes me tired," said Meandering Mike, "ter see de way some people tries ter go back on de good old custom of Yale tide an' things."

"Me, too," said Flooding Pete, "Wot's your trouble?"

"Wy, ye know dat w'en ye say 'Merry Christmas' fus de udder fellas has ter giv ye a present."

### Yes.

"Well, I met a young felly dis mornin' dat had a watch an' \$20 in his pocket. I says 'Merry Christmas' all right, but would ye believe it, I reckoned he'd ter use threats afore he'd give up a present?" —Washington Star.

### Worthless.

"Father's son," they say, "is a fool when he grows up."

"That's wrong." The Bible says: "Whoever despised the day of his birth, he will prosper."